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THE WATERMAN.

BY

CHARLES DIBDIN.

"IS IT NOT A MOST MARVELLOUS THING?"

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THE WATERMAN; OR, THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

A BALLAD OPERA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

Mrs. B.—"IS IT NOT A MOST MARVELLOUS THING," &c.—*Act* i, *scene* 1.

Persons Represented.

BUNDLE.	ROBIN.	MRS. BUNDLE.
TUG.	GARDENERS.	WILELMINA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Garden, where several Gardeners are at work; some digging, &c.; others, together with several Women, tying up bundles of asparagus.* BUNDLE *and* TUG *seated under a tree, at breakfast upon cold roast beef; a tankard of beer upon the table.*

Labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

Labour is the poor man's wealth;
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

Bundle. This, now, is my delight; to sit at breakfast while the men work. Come, honest Tom; let us make an end of our tankard before my wife gets up: her raking so in London (where, between you

and I, she stays a devilish deal longer than while she sells the sparrow-grass), keeps her abed woundy late of a morning.

Tug. Why, Master Bundle, I have oftentimes thought to myself, that it was a wondersome kind of thing how it came to pass, that you two agree so badly; when out of all the four-and-twenty hours, you are hardly ever above two of them together.

Bundle. Ah! Thomas, Thomas! 'tis very hard that a man like me can't be allowed to get drunk once a-day, without being called to an account for it; but between you and I, she is the arrantest——

Mrs. B. (Within.) What are you all about there? Where's your lazy, idle master?

Bundle. You hear she has begun to ring her usual peal. This is the way, the moment she is up!

Tug. And I believe she seldom leaves off till she goes to bed. Does she, Mr. Bundle?

Bundle. No, nor then neither. Everything must be her way. or there's no getting any peace. As soon as the marketing's over in town, away she and her favourite Robin trudge to the two shilling gallery of one of the play-houses, where they have picked up such a pack of d—d nonsense, about sentiments and stuff, that I am not only obliged to put up with her scolding me all the time I do see her, but I am scolded in a language I don't understand.

Tug. Why, I should like that best now; for, then, you know, one has no right to take it for scolding at all.

Bundle. Oh! when once she raises her voice, you never can take it for anything else.

Tug. Why, then, mayhap, it is all concerning this same play-house business that she's so stout against me, and does all she can to serve Master Robin with Miss Wilelminy.

Bundle. Ay, there was another of her freaks: she was then as fond of romances as she is now of plays: and though my father, who was as plain a man as myself, swore he would not leave us a farthing, if we did not call the girl Margery, nothing would satisfy her, forsooth, but we must give her the name of Wilelmina. 'Tis such a d—d, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, stand to your oars; for here she comes!

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Is it not a most marvellous thing, Mr. Bundle, that I must be such an eternal slave to my family, in this here manner, while you and your cologuing companions are besotting and squandering away your time with your guzzling, and everything goes to rack and manger? I that am such a quiet, well-bred, easy, tame creature; that never scolds, nor riots, nor dins your faults in your ears; but am always as gentle and as patient as a lamb,

Bundle. You are a very good wife to be sure, my dear, only a little inclined to talking. If you now had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in the world.

Mrs. B. What a provocating creature!—Tongue! —But this comes of marrying such a scum of a fellow? one that you may throw away all the tenderness in the world for, before it makes any impression upon him. But it serves me right; for 'tis very well known what great offers I refused upon your account.

Bundle. I don't know how it should be otherwise than well known, my love; for I generally hear of it about six times a-day. But, my dear, don't you think it will be necessary to give orders about loading the cart against you go to London?

Mrs. B. Sir, I shall not go to London to-night at all. Robin, Miss Wilelmina, and I, are invited to go with a party to see the rowing-match this afternoon, and afterwards, there is to be a hop at Mr. Wicks's, the tallow-chandler's, where I intend to settle the purliminaries about my daughter's wedding; and I desire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week; for I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, ben't you some how or other afraid, that, what with one thing and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your husband's pocket?

Mrs. B. I don't direct my discourse to you, sir; but 'tis my husband that encourages you to behave in such a brutish and outrageous manner. He has promised you, I know, that you should have my daughter; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will! I'll assure you, indeed! Such a fellow as you!—a nasty, idling, scurvy rapscallion, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life; sotting in one alehouse, and sotting in another And shall such a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miss Wilelmina Bundle?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I should not care much for marrying your daughter, if she was not of a little better temper than yourself.

Mrs. B. Oh! the villain! Why, you vile wicked——

Bundle. My dear, how can you put yourself in such a passion? you, you know, who are such a tame creature; one that never scolds nor riots.

Mrs. B. I'll riot you all to some tune, I will; therefore, Mr. Bundle, unless you would have me sue for a separate maintenance—mind what I say —next time I go to London, I shall take Robin with me to Doctors'-Commons, and nothing but your consent to his marrying your daughter, shall ever make me look upon you again.

AIR.—MRS. BUNDLE.

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you;
Be rul'd I pray,
I'd something say:
Did I e'er rout or scold you?
But spite to wreak,
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flies out;
On me, who am
Like any lamb—
Oh! I could tear your eyes out.

[*Exit*

Tug. Well, and what say you to all this?

Bundle. Why, I'll tell you what, honest Thomas; for me to contradict her, would be much the same thing as for you to row against wind and tide.

Tug. Why, then, that would be bad enough, Master Bundle.

Bundle. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you; and all I can say to put you in heart is, that if I find her as headstrong and as perverse as her mother, I shall advise you to have nothing to do with her, and so save you from hanging yourself in a month.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, if I marries miss, I expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bundle. Ah! Tom, Tom! the wisest of us may be deceived.

Tug. I don't know but you are in the right of it. A waterman would be a confounded fool, that would put up a sail with the wind and tide both in his teeth—But here comes Miss Wileminy. If she marries me, I'll see if I can't get her to change her name.

Enter MISS WILELMINA.

AIR.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain;
For do all they can,
Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain.
Which, which is the man
That deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, or who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can;
Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault;
To a different man
They each have advis'd me to yield up my heart:
Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan;
Which, which is the man?

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
I'll do what I can
His love to return, and return it with truth:
Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Tug. Take my advice, miss, and let it be honest Tom.

Wilel. Oh, you brute! did you hear me?

Tug. Why, miss, suppose if I did, you aren't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye?

Wilel. My mind! Why you have not the assurance to pretend that I said anything in favour of you?

Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

Wilel. And do you imagine that I could prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin! as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding.

Tug. For my part I makes no comparisments, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well-behaved as he, however.

Wilel. What, yourself, I suppose? Do you know, you odious creature! that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similies to me?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

Wilel. Oh! hold your filthy tongue! Do you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lillies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow-drows, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose-trees in the morning,—what would you say, then?

Tug. Ah! but you know, miss, that's all in his way.

Wilel. Then he writes verses! Oh, dear me! the author of the opera-book in the parlour window, is a fool to him for writing. Oh! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would you say now, if I had wrote something about concerning my falling in love with you?

Wilel. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

Tug. Should you?—Why, then, I have.

Wilel. Oh, dear! let's see it.

Tug. It's a song, miss: I'll sing it to you, if you please.

AIR.—TUG.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge us'd for to ply?
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye:
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted withal;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall:
And would this young lady but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow,
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

Well, miss, how do you like it?

Wilel. Like it! why it's the very moral of yourself! If you had not passed half your time between Wapping and the Tower-stairs, you could never have written such a song.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wilel. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me. To be sartain, you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, inconsiderate puppy, that will say more in half an hour than he'll stand to in half a year. I am a little too

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much of an Englishman, I thank you, miss, for that: my heart lies in the right place; and, as we say, 'tis not always the best-looking boat goes the safest.

Wilel. And so, Mr. Thomas, you really think, by all this fine talking, to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why, miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I should not.

Wilel. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have anything to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that I am an angel; that the very sun, moon, and stars, are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine; but why should I speak to you in a lingo I don't understand?

Wilel. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, miss; if you don't marry me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you, to be sartain; there's nobody can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses: I am plain and downright. I'd do all that is in my power to make you happy, if you'd have me; and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast away care, and go on board a man-of-war; for I could never bear to stay here, if you was married to another.

Wilel. What, then, you'd leave England, and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I would, miss.

Wilel. Well, that would be charming! Oh, how I should doat upon it, if I were to hear them cry through Battersea streets—"The Sailor's Lamentation for the Loss of his Mistress!"

Tug. I'll stick to my word, I assure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man-of-war.

AIR.—TUG.

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh, may cry—"Poor Tom."

[*Exit*

Wilel. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures. Die for me! if I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there's no getting anything from them. But here comes Robin: I must plague him in another way.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Miss Wilelmina, may I have the unspeakable happiness to tell you how much words fall short of the great honour you would prefer upon me, if you would grant me the request of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wilel. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Robin. What inclination, miss? Ask the plants why they love a shower? Ask the sunflower why it loves the sun? Ask the snowdrop why it is white? Ask the violet why it is blue? Ask the trees why they blossom? the cabbages why they grow? 'Tis all because they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

Wilel. Lard! Mr. Robin, how gallant you are.

Robin. Oh, my Wilelmina, thou art straighter than the straightest tree! sweeter than the sweetest flower! Thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honeysuckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps heaven in your eye, in every gesture—oh, dear!

Wilel. Lard! Mr. Robin, you have said that so often—

Robin. Well, you never heard me say this in your life. Now, mind: my heart is for all the world just like a hot bed, where the seed of affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warmed by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown; and all I desire, miss, is, that you'll condescend to gather it, and stick it in your bosom.

Wilel. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing?

Robin. Pretension, miss? Because my love is as boundless as the sea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows as a sweet-briar is full of thorns.

Wilel. But I am afraid if I were foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

Robin. Forget you, miss? 'tis impossible! Sooner shall asparagus forget to grow, seed frrget to rise, leaves to fall: sooner shall tress grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina.

Wilel. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

Robin. Resisting me, miss! no, I don't know how you should; my heart is stocked with love, as a flower-garden is stocked with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken shelter there are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the summer is to the garden; and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choked up with the brambles of despair.

Wilel. That would be a pity. indeed.

Robin. So 'twould, indeed, miss.

Wilel. Do you really love me, then?

Robin. Love you?

AIR.—ROBIN.

Bid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scare-crows ne'er be frighted,
From the firm earth the oak remove;
Teach the holly-oak to grow,
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries;
But, pr'ythee, teach me not to love.

Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,

Lilies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plums and cherries,
Taste like berries,
When Wilelmina I forget.

[*Exit.*

Enter BUNDLE.

Wilel. Oh, papa, are you there?

Bundle. Hush, hush! speak softly. You have not seen your mother, have you?

Wilel. No.

Bundle. Because I wanted to talk with you, Wilelmina, my dear.

Wilel. What, upon the old subject, I suppose.

Bundle. Yes; but I would not have her hear us.

Wilel. Oh! she is safe enough, scolding the men in the garden.

Bundle. Oh! that will take her some time.—Well, have you seen, Thomas?

Wilel. Yes, I have seen him, and a most deplorable figure he cuts. I believe by this time he has entered himself on board a man-of-war; that so as the history-book says, he may put an end to his existence and my cruelty together.

Bundle. Why, did he say he would?

Wilel. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him; and how could he do any less?

Bundle. Why, the girl's distracted! But this comes of gadding about with your mother. If you had listened to my advice, I would no more have suffered you to put on such ridiculous conceited airs—Why, you and your mother are the laughing-stock of the whole place: I never pop my head into the Black Raven to get my penny-worth in a morning, but all the folks are full of it.

Wilel. Why, papa, we are only a little genteeler than the rest of the people of Battersea, that's all.

Bundle. Genteeler! Do you call it genteel, then to take a pleasure at being pointed at? But I'll not bear it; therefore, hear what I have to say, or—

Wilel. Why do you tell me all this? Why don't you speak to my mamma? 'Tis no wonder she does what she pleases with me, when you know you don't care to contradict her yourself.

Bundle. Not dare to contradict her!

Wilel. No, papa; you know she will have her own way! and since she has desired me to have Robin, what can I do but be dutiful?

Bundle. What, then, you owe no duty to me, I suppose?

Wilel. Indeed, I do; and if I could see that you owed a little to yourself, I would oblige you willingly.

Bundle. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas?

Wilel. I can't, indeed.

Bundle. And for no other reason, but because your mamma insists upon your marrying Robin?

Wilel. No other.

Bundle. Very well; I'll settle the matter: she shall do as I please; and if she were to come across me now—

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. What then, Mr. Bundle?

Bundle. My dear?

Mrs. B. What could have conduced you to raise your voice to such a pitch? I hope you had not the assurance to be tampering, and plotting, and undermining my daughter's infections; and above all, I hope you was not hatching up any vile scheme to impose my authority.

Wilel. Poor papa, how he looks!

(*Aside.*)

Bundle. Why, my dear, I did intend to say something to you on that subject, but as my tongue does not go quite so fast as a water-will, I am afraid it would be but to little purpose.

Mrs. B. Scurvy creature!

Wilel. If you don't speak, papa, I shall be obliged to marry Robin.

Bundle. I can't help it.

Wilel. 'Tis all your own fault, now; don't blame me: I must marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your consent.

Bundle. So thou couldst but unmarry me, I'd consent to your marrying whoever you pleased.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. B. Well, my dear, what has he been saying to you? nothing, I hope, to discourage you in your infections to Robin.

Wilel. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs. B. Undutiful, indeed! I say undutiful! Which will reflect most upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-spirited drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideras, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakspere, goes to all the sentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kittellions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteness and high breeding?

Wilel. Very true, madam; but then, Mr. Thomas is such a sweet young man.

Mrs. B. He!

Wilel. So good-natured!

Mrs. B. The Vandil!

Wilel. So honest!

Mrs. B. Low creature!

Wilel. Such an immensity of love!

Mrs. B. The Hottentot! I'll tell you what, Wilelmina, your father has put all this into your head. I'll go and give it to him heartily while my blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with me; and then, I have but one word to say to you, either comply and marry Robin, or else I'll disinherit you from any share in the blood of my family the Grograms; and you may creep through life with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles.

[*Exit.*

AIR.—WILELMINA.

Too yielding a carriage
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and misery pointed the way:
You're shunn'd if complying,
But you're lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

BUNDLE *discovered.*

Bundle. What shall I do with this perverse girl? I have but poor comfort for my friend Thomas. However, all things considered, I don't know whether I should not have done him a more unfriendly office by marrying him than by keeping him single. For my own part, were I to chose whether I would keep my wife or have the plague, on my conscience, I should run the risk of the last. But, mercy on us! here she comes: 'tis a strange thing that I never mention the word plague but she's at my elbow.

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Mr. Bundle—I shall be very cool, sir.

Bundle. I hope so, my dear.

Mrs. B. What the devil is the reason that you have been making all this here piece of work?

Bundle. My dear!

Mrs. B. I say, sir, how comes it to pass, that in spite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, you will behave so monstrously shameful as to oblige me to put myself in these here passions.

Bundle. Why, my dear, are you ever in a passion?

Mrs. B. Don't provoke me: you think, I suppose, because you have got your daughter on your side, to carry all before you; but, Mr. Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty——I won't bemean myself by repeating his filthy name; though, I say, she has been undutiful and wicked enough to suffer such a low, unpolite clown as you, to persuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourself; yet, if I have any authority, you shall no more carry it off in the manner you think—

Bundle. My dear—

Mrs. B. I won't hear a word.

Bundle. Have a moment's patience, now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs. B. I won't have patience, nor I won't be convinced: 'tis a shame, and a scandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it shall be the worse for them.

Bundle. Go on, my dear

Mrs. B. Oh, how I am used! I could hang myself for vexation. *(Crying.)*

Bundle. My dear, if you had but about half as much reason as you have passion, how very easily could all these matters be settled; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this affair. In the first place, I don't think it would be very undutiful in a girl to do what her father desires her, was it as you say; in the next, I desired her to give her consent to marry Thomas, 'tis true, but she refused me.

Mrs. B. Why, this is worse than t'other; first use me ill, and then result me: for the girl told me, with her own mouth, that she promised you to marry Thomas.

Bundle. And she told me, with her own mouth, she had promised you to marry Robin.

Mrs. B. What am I to think of this?

Bundle. Even what you please, my dear; you know I never dictate to you.

Enter WILELMINA.

Mrs. B. Here she comes herself; we shall know the truth of all this. Come here, child, speak ingenuously now: did not you tell me that you would not marry Robin?

Wilel. I did, madam.

Mrs. B. There, Mr. Bundle! And pray what reason did you give me for it?

Wilel. Because papa had persuaded me to marry Thomas.

Mrs. B. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Bundle. Pray, hear me one word.

Mrs. B. I won't hear a syllable.

Bundle. Nay, let me speak in my turn. Wilelmina, come here, child, speak ingenuously: did not you tell me you would not marry Thomas?

Wilel. I did sir.

Bundle. There, Mrs. Bundle! And pray, what reason did you give me for it?

Wilel. Because my mamma had persuaded me to marry Robin.

Bundle. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Mrs. B. Why, you little, dirty trollop, have you been making a jest of us both?

Bundle. Indeed, my dear, there is something——

Wilel. Hear me, my dear papa and mamma: when first you proposed Robin to me, and you Thomas, I determined to have neither, till one or the other had given me some proof beside telling me so, that he would make me a faithful and affectionate husband; the first that does shall have me; and though I would not wish to have either of you think me undutiful, on that alone shall depend my giving my consent to be a wife.

AIR.—WILELMINA.

In vain, dear friends, each art you try,
To neither lover's suit inclin'd;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd,
But it proceeteth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceiv'd.
I thank you both, then, for your love;
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

[*Exit*

Bundle. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs. B. Say! why, that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all—one would think she had never been edicated by me.

Bundle. Oh, I am afraid it's her having been edicated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs. B. What do you stand muttering there about? 'Tis you she may thank for all these mean

notions: if she would but suffer me to teach her a little of the bone-tone, she would despise the idera of consulting her heart about marrying; such low, mechanical stuff has been out of fasnion a long time since among people that know how to bemean themselves.

Bundle. Well, but I suppose, you intend to let her do what she pleases.

Mrs. B. No, sir; do you think I am so tame as to be ruled by my daughter? I believe you can witness for me that I seldom let anybody rule but myself.

Bundle. You never let anybody rule but yourself, my dear; and you really do it so well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs. B. None of your sneers, sir: but I see into the bottom of all this: 'tis a scheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me; but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of stuff; and she shall marry the man I have chosen for her, or—in short, I have determined what to do, and let me hear you, or her, say a single word against it, if you dare.

[*Exit.*

Enter TUG.

Tug. Master Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to speak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bundle. What, you saw my wife with me? she is the most agreeable, it must be confessed.

Tug. Why, she did not seem to be cantankerous with you now.

Bundle. No; her anger was levelled at her daughter; but 'tis all the same, I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantankerous, as you call it, with who she will.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, how comes it to pass that she should be angry with Miss Wilelmina? she has not refused to marry Robin, has she?

Bundle. But she has, though; and refused to marry you, too.

Tug. Ay, ay? why, I never heard she had any other sweetheart.

Bundle. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I: a parcel of absurd stuff! she has a mind to make fools of us all, I believe; but there was something well enough, too, in what she said, if she's sincere; but the Lord help those that trust too much to them, say I.

Tug. Why, what does she say?

Bundle. Why, that she does not know which she shall have yet; but that she'll marry the first that does anything to deserve her.

Sug. Does she? why, then, 'tis my opinion she'll marry me.

Bundle. Why so?

Tug. I know why well enough; but could not a body speak to her now?

Bundle. I am going in, and I'll send her to you; but I would not have you depend too much upon her.

Tug. I'll run the risk, Master Bundle.

Bundle. Only see the difference between us: you are all agog to be married, and I would give the world to be rid of my shackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man were to take up the trade of unmarrying folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bundle. More money!

[*Exit.*

Tug. Yes; but I hope I shan't have such a crank and humoursome piece of stuff to deal with as you have: I don't know, not I, but, for my share, I can't see why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others: 'tis my mind, miss, here, is trying which is the most loving of us two: and if so, I would not give my little Robin threepence for his chance; for I know as well as can be that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all: but here she comes.

Enter WILELMINA.

Wilel. Heyday! why, I thought you were gone on board a man-of-war before now.

Tug. Why, no, miss, I ain't yet gone; I am in hopes there will be no occasion; if there should, I am always one of my word.

Wilel. Oh, you unkind creature, to disappoint me so. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone abroad with a broken heart at being disappointed of me.

Tug. Why, miss, as to breaking my heart, to be sure, I should go well nigh to do that if I could not persuade you to have me: but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't stay at home and do something to obtain your consent; for, to be sure, the pleasure of having you is not what everybody deserves.

Wilel. Oh, till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I shall never relent.

Tug. Well now, miss, I, for my part, think you will.

Wilel. Indeed, you have a great deal of confidence to think any such thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my best to make you—

Wilel. And what do you call doing your best?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and so I won't say anything about it now; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you please.

Wilel. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young watermen are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon; and so I have made bold to bespeak a room at the Swan for you and your friends to go and see the sight.

Wilel. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr. Thomas! but you talk of trying to deserve me; why did you not make one among the watermen; and so win the coat and badge yourself?

Tug. Well, never you mind anything about that: will you accept of my proffer of the room?

Wilel. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to do any thing with an intent to please you, that you could bring yourself to look upon me with kindness.

Wilel. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why, then, I assure you, if ever you should be agreeable to marry me, you should be as happy as ever love and an honest heart can make you.

AIR.—TOM TUG.

Indeed, miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue;
But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view;
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unless to get money for you.
The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true;
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

[*Exit.*

Wilel. There's great honesty about this poor fellow—Here comes t'other: I see I must choose soon, or there will be no peace for me.

Enter ROBIN.

So. Mr. Robin, what news have you?

Robin. News, my angel! news that will make your heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and mists that hang on thy beautiful face; just for all the world as the sun clears away the showers in the month of April.

Wilel. Indeed! I should be glad to hear it.

Robin. You can't think how you will be overjoyed.

Wilel. Shall I? Why don't you tell it me, then?

Robin. Well, then, miss, I'll keep you no longer in suspense: your mother is determined that we shall be married to-morrow morning.

Wilel. What, whether I will or no?

Robin. Whether you will or no! How can you help it? Don't I love you better than the ivy loves oak? better than cucumbers love heat, or birds love cherries? I love you better—

Wilel. Hold, hold, Mr. Robin; 'tis necessary, in this case, I should love you a little.

Robin. And don't you? Hear this, you blooming jonquils, and lose your sweetness! turn white, you roses; and you lilies red! each flower lose its fragrance and its hue, and nature change, for Wilelmina's false!

Wilel. Indeed, Mr. Robin, you have such winning ways! that pretty speech has half persuaded me to consent.

Robin. Has it?

Wilel. It has, upon my word.

Robin. Jonquils, smell sweet again! roses and lilies, keep again your colour! and every flower look brighter than before, for Wilelmina's true!

Wilel. How dearly do you love me, Mr. Robin?

Robin. Why, miss, the passion which is planted in my heart has taken root, as like as can be to a great elm, which there is no grubbing up; but it spreads farther and farther, and you can't for the life of you destroy it till you saw down the trunk and all.

Wilel. That's as much as to say that you'll love me as long as you live.

Robin. The very thing. Lord, how sensible you are, miss!

Wilel. Really, Mr. Robin, you are so gay and agreeable—

Robin. An't I, miss? So everybody says: only think, then, how you will be envied! Well, then, I'll step to your mamma, and tell her what has passed; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go down to-morrow for the ring and licence.

AIR.—ROBIN.

Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilelmina's made for me.
The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Shreds to keep close the straggling tree;
The knife to prune, to dig the spade;
So Wilelmina's made for me.

Enter MRS. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Well, Robin, have you reformed her what I ordered you? What, I suppose you have been a fool now: there never was such a tiresome fellow in the world! I tell you what, Wilelmina, if I find you have been imposing upon this poor bashful creature, you will put me in a passion; and you know when I am once in a passion I am not easily pacified.

Wilel. Let me understand you, madam.

Mrs. B. Why, I sent this blockhead to let you know that I am dissolved to see you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourself some confounded airs or other, and so he has been afraid to tell you.

Wilel. I wonder, madam, you should be uneasy on that account: he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs. B. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to say anything against it?

Wilel. So far from it, madam, I now plainly see the great absurdity of attempting to oppose your will:

Mrs. B. And have you consented to have him, then?

Robin. She has, madam.

Mrs. B. Then thou art my child again. Mr. Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we shall call at their house in our way to the rowing-match.

Wilel. And will you forgive my former disobedience, madam?

Mrs. B Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to instruct you how to behave yourself.

Wilel. I am obliged to you, madam; but I don't think I shall ever be so accomplished as you are.

Mrs. B. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters they are easily understood.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room at the Swan.*

MRS. BUNDLE, ROBIN, *and Company discovered.*

Mrs. B. Do, Robin, step and see after Wilelmina what can have become of the girl?

Enter WILELMINA.

Robin. She's here, madam.

Mrs. B. Come, my dear, you'll lose the sight;

they tells me that the rowers have set out from the Old Swan some time.

Wilel. They are very near, surely; for see what a number of boats are come in sight!

Mrs. B. Oh! I can see them very plain. How many is there?

Wilel. One, two, three, four; I think I can count five.

Mrs. B. That smart young man will certainly win it; how clean and neat he looks!

Wilel. Here he comes; his boat perfectly flies.

Mrs. B. Oh! he'll win it.

Wilel. He has won it already, madam; he's past the stairs.

Robin. See, he jumps on shore!

Wil. And see, he's coming this way! Surely, 'tis not—

Enter BUNDLE, TUG *following.*

Bundle. Here's your Thomas for you! he's coming! I told you he'd be the first to do anything to deserve you. Here he is.

Wilel. And was it you that won the coat and badge?

Tug. 'Twas, indeed, miss.

Wilel. And what made you—

AIR.—TUG.

I row'd for the prize.
To receive from those eyes
A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile:
But lest I should lose,
And you, for that fault. your poor Tom should refuse,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
When we came to the pull,
How I handled my scull!
'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us;
There was never a boat's length between us,
But the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew!
And verily believe, twas all thinking of you.

Wilel. Thus, then, I reward you. (*Gives him her hand.*)

Robin. What is all this?

Tug. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow, and you are knocked out of your chance.

Wilel. Is not he a sweet fellow, mamma? How neat and clean he looks!

Mrs. B. Wilelmina, don't put me in a passion.

Wilel. I have no intention, madam, to do any such thing.

Mrs. B. Why, you impudent slut! have not you deceived me? deposed upon me? promised me to marry this young man, and now—

Wilel. Indeed, madam, you must excuse me; but, in so serious a matter, I thought it of much more consequence to consider myself than you. Besides, I was so situated that I must have disobliged either you or my papa; for whenever I gave you a promise I gave one to him; and had your choice appeared to me the most likely to make me happy; I should not have hesitated a moment in refusing his.

Robin. My hopes are all blighted, then, I find.

Mrs. B. I said all along that it was a contrived thing between you; but, Mr. Bundle, you shall smart for it.

Bundle. My dear, you know I am a man of an easy temper and few words; but I am pretty firm in keeping a resolution. I have suffered you to expose me at home pretty well; but if you are resolved to carry your folly to such a height as to expose me abroad, I am resolved it shall not be for nothing: therefore, either promise, before this company, to bid adieu to scolding for the future, or before this company I will do what you threatened me this morning—be separated from you.

Mrs. B. Why, I am thunderstruck!

Bundle. I expected little less; but am resolved, depend upon it: however, to let you see that you are very welcome to be mistress of your own house, manage your concerns as you like; do what you please, so you let me be quiet: in short, do nothing to give me uneasiness, and I make an agreement, from this moment, for you to govern while I smoke.

Wilel. Dear mamma, it is impossible for anything to be fairer.

Bundle. Come, come, she must have a little time to think of it; but she'll agree to the terms, I'm sure of it: and now let us think of nothing but pleasure: and as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life, I say, let us make it the merriest.

QUARTETTO.—TUG, BUNDLE, MRS. BUNDLE, *and* WILELMINA.

Tug. *Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,*
That I am true, believe me;
Or, next time that I row to town,
May wind and tide deceive me!
By this here breeze
My heart's at ease,
Now dances at high water;
My labour's o'er,
I've gain'd the shore,
And, free from fear,
Am landed here,
With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

Mrs. B. *I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,*
Since thus you think expedient;
If of the past you'll not complain,
Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
Folks us'd to cry,
A Tartar I
Had prov'd, and you had caught her;
But now shall raise
Each voice in praise,
Through all her life,
Of the gard'ner's wife,
As well as of his daughter.

Bundle. *My child, you've fairly won my heart,*
You took no counsel from us;
But, prizing love, and scorning art,
Preferr'd your honest Thomas.
'Twas wisely done,
Shake hands, my son,
Love's lesson you have taught her·
And now, my dear,
Be but sincere,
I do not fear
There'll e'er appear
So good a wife and daughter.

Wilel. *And now, good friends, pray take my part,*
I kept them to their tether;
For I had sworn my hand and heart
Should always go together.
From fops and beaux
A maiden chose
An honest heart that sought her:
See her appear
On trial here;
This very night,
If she was right,
Applaud the gard'ner's daughter. [*Exeunt.*

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